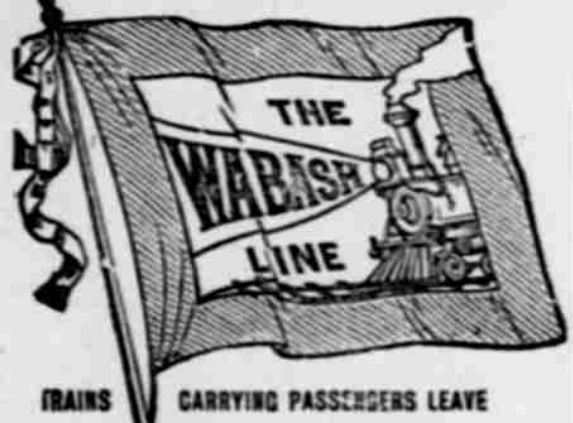


Chariton Courier.

C. P. VANDIVER, Editor and Prop'r.

KEYTESVILLE, MISSOURI.

TIME TABLE



Keytesville as follows:

GOING EAST.

*No 12 St. Louis Mail and Ex. 11 18 a.m.
*No 6 Chicago Express 9 48 p.m.
*No 22 Moberly Ac. Freight 4 50 p.m.
*No 32 Ac. Freight 4 05 p.m.
*No 8 Omaha Express 1 43 a.m.

GOING WEST.

*No 1 Kansas City Express 5 43 a.m.
*No 11 K.C. Mail and Ex. 3 20 p.m.
*No 21 Accommodation Freight 10 10 a.m.
*No 7 Omaha Express 2 11 a.m.
*Daily, except Sunday.

No. 1 and 6 have Reclining Chair Cars (seats free) and new Buffet Sleeping Cars to Kansas City and Chicago without change.

No. 8 will stop at Keytesville for passengers from Chillicothe, or points north of Chillicothe.

For Rates, Tickets, Time Tables, etc., apply to
W. H. CARSON,
Agt., Keytesville, Mo.
F. CHANDLER,
Gen'l Manager. Gen'l Pass. & Tick. Ugt.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Representative.....W. E. Perkins
Prosecuting Attorney.....W. R. Rucker
Judge County Court.....J. B. Hilde, President
Judge of Probate.....L. H. Herring, W. Dist.
Sheriff.....J. H. Edwards
Treasurer.....O. B. Anderson
Public Administrator.....A. F. Tooley
County Surveyor.....Sam'l Carter
Coroner.....Dr. G. M. Moore
County School Commissioner.....J. P. Coleman
Circuit Clerk.....H. B. Richardson
Recorder.....B. H. Smith

RELIGIOUS.

METHODIST CHURCH (South)—Rev. J. B. Rice, pastor. Services third Sabbath morning and evening, and fourth Sunday night of each month. Sabbath-school every Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock. Prayer meetings Wednesday evenings.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. E. E. Smith, pastor. Services first and second Sabbath in each month, morning and evening. Sunday-school every Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock. Prayer meetings on Tuesday evenings of each week.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. S. F. Massett, pastor. Services second and fourth Sundays of each month. Sunday-school every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. Prayer meetings on Tuesday evenings of each week.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH—Elder J. W. Caldwell will preach at the Baptist Church first Sabbath in each month in the morning, and every third Sabbath evening.

BENEVOLENT & LITERARY.

KEYTESVILLE LIBRARY—O. F. Smith, Librarian. Open from 8 to 12 a. m., and from 4 to 6 p. m.

WARREN LODGE, No. 74, A. F. and A. M.—O. B. Anderson, Master; M. W. Anderson, Secretary. Regular meetings Saturday evening preceding full moon.

CHARITON LODGE, No. 177, A. O. U. W. J. C. Wallace, M. W.; R. H. Tisdale, Recorder. Regular meetings 2nd and 4th Tuesday evenings at 7 o'clock.

CHARITON CO. MEDICAL SOCIETY.—Meets the fourth Thursday in each month at Salisbury.

SELECT KNIGHTS, A. O. U. W.—Meets 4th Friday evenings in each month. J. J. Moore, S. C.; R. H. Tisdale, R.

LATHROP LODGE, No. 245 Knights Pythias—J. C. Eord, Chancellor Commander. Regular meetings every Wednesday evening.

BEATTY Piano \$140. Organs \$35. Want agents. Cat. Free. Dan'l F. Beatty, Wash'g. N. J.

W. H. BRADLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
and Notary Public.

SALISBURY, MISSOURI.

Office on Broadway over People's Bank.

A. W. JOHNSON,
Attorney at Law & Notary Public,
SALISBURY, MO.

Will practice in all the State Courts.

J. T. Aldridge, M.D.
EYE, EAR AND THROAT,
KEYTESVILLE, MO.

THOS. E. MACKAY,
Notary Public,
Collections Promptly Attended to.
Office with the Probate Judge.

Dr. W. R. Hawkins,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
KEYTESVILLE, MO.
Office in Chapman building.

ANCIENT LOVE STORY.

I sat spinning at my little wheel in the sun, for the autumn day was cold, when I heard someone whistling, and on looking up, there was young 'Squire Turner looking over. When he caught my eye he laughed, I blushed and rose and made him a courtesy.

He was a handsome gentleman, the 'squire, and the hand from which he pulled the glove shimmered in the sun with pearls and diamonds; and he was bonny to look at, with his hair like spun gold in the October sunlight.

When I courtesied he bowed, making his curls dance over his shoulders, and said he—

"I've spoiled one pretty picture that I could have looked at all day, but I have made another, so I'll not grieve. May I come in?"

"And welcome sir," said I, placing a chair for him.

He was grandfather's landlord, but for all that I was uncomfortable, for I was not used to such fine company.

He talked away, paying me more compliments than I was used to, for grandmother, who had brought me up, said, "handsome is as handsome does," "beauty is but skin deep."

Since I'm telling the story, I'll tell the truth. I had done wrong about one thing. Neither of the old folks knew that I wore Evan Locke's ring in my bosom, or that we had taken a vow to each other beside the Hawthorne that grew in the lane. I never meant to deceive, but grannie was old, and a little hard, and that love of mine was such a sweet secret. Besides money seems to outweigh all else when people have struggled all their life to turn a penny, and they knew Evan was only a poor struggling young surgeon. I thought I'd wait until I could sweeten the news with the fact that he had begun to make his fortune.

Grannie came in from the dairy five minutes after the 'squire had gone, and heard he had been there. I did not tell her of his fine speeches, but there was a keyhole to the door she came through, and I have a guess she heard them.

That night we had something else to think of. Misfortune had come upon grandfather; but I did not foresee that when the half year's rent should become due not a penny to pay it could be found.

All this time Evan Locke and I had been as fond of each other as ever, and he came as often as before to talk with grandfather on winter nights; and still every little while young 'Squire Turner would drop in and sit in his lazy way, watching me knit or spin. Once he was flushed with wine and over bold, for he tried to kiss me. But 'squire or no, I boxed his ears, and not more gently than I could help, either.

I could not prevent his coming, and I did not deserve that Evan should be angry with me. But he was—oh, so high and mighty, and spoke as though one like the 'squire could mean no good by coming to so poor a place as the schoolmaster's. He made me angry and I spoke with asperity.

"For that matter the 'squire would be glad to have me promise to marry him," said I. "He thinks more of me than—"

"Maybe you like him better,"

"I don't say that, but bad temper and jealousy scarce make me overfond of another. I pray I may never have a husband who will scold me."

Well, Evan was wroth with me and I with him—not heart deep, though, I thought—and I did not see him for more than a week. I was not troubled much, though, for I knew he would come around again and maybe ask my pardon. For before you are wed you can bring your love to his sense. So I did not fret at Evan's absence or quite snub the 'squire, who liked me more than ever. But one night grandfather came in, and shutting the door, stood between grandmother and me, and so strangely that we both grew frightened. At last he spoke.

"I've been to the 'squire's," said he. "For the first time I had to tell him that I could not pay the rent when due."

I opened my lips. Grandmother covered them with her hands. And grandfather drew me to him.

"Thou art young, lass," said he, "and they are right who call the handsome. Child, couldst thou like the 'squire well enough to marry him?"

"Eh?" cried grandmother, surely you are wandering?"

"Squire Turner asked me for this

law to-night. Of all the women in the world there is only one he loves as he should love his wife, and that is our Agatha."

"I dreamed of gold rings and white roses on Christmas eve," said grannie. "I knew the lass would be lucky."

But I put my head on my grandfather's shoulder and hid my face. The truth must come out I knew.

"Wilt thou have him and be a rich lady?" said grandpa.

"No," I sobbed.

"The lass is frightened," said grandma. "Nay, we must all wed once in our lives, child."

Then grandpa talked to me. He told me how poor they had grown, and how kind the 'squire was, and I had but to marry him and make my grandparents' free from debt and poverty all their lives. If I refused and vexed the 'squire, heaven only knew what might happen.

"Surely, she'll never ruin us," sobbed grandma.

Ah, it was hard to bear, but now there was no help from it. I took the ring from my bosom, laid it on my palm and told them it was Evan Locke's, and that I had plighted my troth to him. And grandpa called me a deceitful wench and grandpa looked as though his heart would break.

Oh, I would have done anything for them—anything but give up my true love. That night I kissed the ring and prayed that he might love me always. In the morning it was gone, ribbon and all from my neck. I looked for it high and low, but found no sign of it. I began to fear that the loss of that dear ring was a sign that I would never marry Evan Locke.

The day passed and he never came near me.

Oh, it was cruel in him to hold such anger for a hasty word he had provoked, I thought. He must know I loved him.

Grandma would scarcely look at me—I know why now—and grandpa sighed and talked of the workhouse. I thought I should die of grief.

One day grandpa said to me—

"It seems to me that your lover is not over anxious to see you."

"Why not?"

"Where has he kept himself this month or more?"

"He is busy, doubtless," said I smiling, though I thought my heart would burst.

"You are going with him, maybe?"

"Where?"

She went to the kitchen door, and beckoned to a woman who sat there, Dame Combs, who had come with eggs.

"I heard you rightly," said she. "You told me that Evan Locke, and his mother were making ready for a voyage?"

"They are going to Canada. My son, a carpenter—and a good one, though I say it—made the doctor a box for his things. The old lady dreads the new country, but she goes for the doctor's sake. There's money to be made there."

"I told you so," said grandmother.

"I don't believe it," said I.

"They have sold the house and gone to Liverpool to take ship, and may find the truth yourself, if you choose to take the trouble. I am no chatterbox to tell falsehoods about my neighbors," said Dame Combs.

And still I would not believe it until I had walked across the moor and seen the shutters closed and the door barred, and not a sign of life about the place. Then I gave up hope. I went home pale and trembling and sat down at grannie's feet.

"It's true," I said.

"And for the sake of so false a lad you'll see your grandfather ruined and break his heart and leave me a widow—I who have tended you from a baby."

I looked at her as she sobbed and found voice to say:

"Give me to whom you will since my own love does not want me."

I crept upstairs and sat down by my bedside, faint and trembling. I would have thanked heaven then for forgetfulness, but it would not come.

The next day the young 'squire was in the parlor as my accepted lover. How pleased he was and how the color came back into the old face of grandfather. Grannie was proud and kind, all the house was aglow, and only I sad. But I could not forget Evan—Evan whom I had loved so, sailing away from me without a word.

I suppose they all saw I looked

sad. The 'squire talked of my health, and said that he would make me ride with him over the moors for strength. The old folk said nothing. They knew what ailed me. Only our little Scotch maid seemed to think that ought was wrong. Once she said to me:

"What ails ye, miss? Your eye is dull and your cheek is pale, and your brow, gran'lover canna make ye smile. Ye are na that ill, either, I opine."

"No, I'm well," said I.

She looked at me wistfully.

"Gin ye'd tell me your ail, I might tell ye a cure," said she.

But there was no cure for me in this world, and I couldn't open my heart to simple Jennie. So the days rolled by and I was close on my marriage eve, and grannie and Dorothy Plume were at work on my wedding robes. I wished it were my shroud they were working at instead.

One night the pain in my heart grew too great, and I went out among the purple heather on the moor, and there knelt under the stars and prayed to be taken from the world.

"Oh Evan, my Evan, how can I live without thee?" I cried.

As I spoke the words I started up in affright, and there at my side was an elfish little figure, Scotch Jennie, who had followed me.

"Why do ye call for your true love now?" she asked. "Ye sent him frae ye for the sake o' the young 'squire."

I turned on her fiercely.

"Dinna be vexed," she said. "Just bide a wee and answer what I speer. It's for love of you, for I've seen ye wastin' like the snay wreath in the sun since the 'squire wooed ye. Was it your will the lad 'at loved the ground ye walked on should have his ring again?"

"What do you mean?" said I.

"I'll speak gin I lose my place," said Jennie. "I rode with the mistress to the young doctor's place over past the moor, and she gave him a ring, and what she said I dinna ken, but it turned him the tint o' death, and said he, 'There's na a drop o' true bluid in any woman.' And he turned to the wall and covered his eyes, an' your grannie drove home. That's all I ken—wull it do?"

"Ay, Jennie," said I; "Heaven bless you for telling me."

I flew to the cottage and stood before grannie. Trembling and white I said—

"Tell me, grandma, have you cheated me and robbed me of my love by a lie? Did you steal the troth ring from my neck and give it to Evan as if from me?—you whom I loved and honored my life long?"

She turned scarlet.

"Your love!" she said. "You've but one true love now—the 'squire."

"You have done it!" I cried. "It's written on your face!"

She looked down at that, and fell to weeping bitterly.

"My own love was breaking his heart," she said. "My husband and I have loved for forty years. I did it to save him. Could I let a girl's fancy stand in my way and see him a beggar in his old age?"

I fell at her feet like a stone, and knew nothing for an hour or more. When I came to I was alone with Jennie. I bade her get my cloak and hood and her own, and come with me, and off I went across the moor in the starlight to where the hall windows were ablaze with light, and asked the prime old housekeeper to let me see the 'squire.

She started at me for my boldness—no wonder—but called him. So in a moment he stood before me in evening dress, his cheeks flushed, his eyes bright, and led me into a little room and seated me.

"Agatha, my love, I hope no mistake brings you here at—

I stopped him.

"Not your love, 'squire Turner," I said. "I thank you for thinking so well of me, but after all that has passed—"

I could say no more. He took my hand as I began to sob.

"Have I offended you in any way, Agatha?" he asked.

"Not you. The offense—the guilt—oh, I have been sorely cheated!" And then I broke down again.

He waited patiently till strength came to me, and I told him all—how we had been plighted to each other, waiting only for better prospects to be wed, and how, when he honored me by an offer of his hand, I answered my grandmother by owing to the truth, and of the ring grannie had stolen from my neck, and the false message that had been

sent my promised husband as if from me.

"And though I may never see Evan Locke again," I said, "I can never be another man's true love for I am his till I die."

As I thus spoke the rich color died out of my listener's face—the handsome young 'squire was in tears.

At last he rose and came to me.

"My Agatha never loved me," he said. "Ah me this news is bad—I thought she did. This comes of vanity."

"Many higher and fairer than I have hearts to give. Mine was gone ere you saw me," I said.

And then, kind and gentle, as if I had not grieved him, he gave me his arm and saw me across the moor, and at the gate paused and whispered:

"Be at rest, Agatha, the Golden George has not sailed."

I liked him better than I had ever done before that night I had told grannie I could never wed him.

Oh, but he was fit to be a king—the grandest, kindest, best of men, who rode away at dawn on the morrow, and never stopped until he reached Liverpool and found Evan Locke just ready to set foot upon the Golden George, and told him a tale that made his heart light and sent him flying back to me.

And who was it that sent grandfather the deed of gift that made the cottage his own, and who spoke a kind word to the gentry for the young Dr. Locke that helped him into practice? Still no one but the 'squire, for whom we taught our children to pray every night, for we were married, and when our eldest child was two, the thing I needed to make me happy happened, and from over the sea, where he had been for three years, came our stately young 'squire bride beside him, and at last the hall had a mistress of its own—a sweet girl, who loved her lord as I loved Evan.

Short and Sweet.

The first letter-carrier—The alphabet.

His face his fortune—An insurance agent's.

"Be composed" as the type sticker said to the copy.

Many a man has made a fool of himself with a single quill.

Many a man has made a good reputation on what is not found out about him.

A sick burglar is very loath to call a doctor for fear he may give him up.

Strange but true—the man can shoot the gun and the gun can shoot the man.

"You're trying to make game of me," said the buzzard to the sportsman who fired at it.

The man who is alone with his thoughts often is surrounded by the deepest solitude.

It was one of Joseph's old dreams that first suggested the patriotic song "Hail to the Sheaf."

A man was arraigned for robbing a hackman. He must be a criminal of extraordinary ability.

The woman with "the very best husband in the world," is always sure he might be a deal better if he only would.

Those who believe that the world owes them a living don't know how many bad debts the world has to shoulder.

Four hunters (who have just fired simultaneously at a rabbit and missed it) "Well, I wonder who missed it that time!"

A fool and his gun are soon parted especially when the former blows down the muzzle of the latter to see if it is loaded.

A Minnesota editor says that a sportsman recently shot in that state a bird with four legs. We guess that it was a canard.—Texas Siftings.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10c., 50c. and \$1. If your lungs are sore, chest, or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by W. C. Gaston.

Those who believe that the world owes them a living don't know how many bad debts the world has to shoulder.

Four hunters (who have just fired simultaneously at a rabbit and missed it) "Well, I wonder who missed it that time!"

A fool and his gun are soon parted especially when the former blows down the muzzle of the latter to see if it is loaded.

A Minnesota editor says that a sportsman recently shot in that state a bird with four legs. We guess that it was a canard.—Texas Siftings.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10c., 50c. and \$1. If your lungs are sore, chest, or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by W. C. Gaston.

Those who believe that the world owes them a living don't know how many bad debts the world has to shoulder.

Four hunters (who have just fired simultaneously at a rabbit and missed it) "Well, I wonder who missed it that time!"

A fool and his gun are soon parted especially when the former blows down the muzzle of the latter to see if it is loaded.

A Minnesota editor says that a sportsman recently shot in that state a bird with four legs. We guess that it was a canard.—Texas Siftings.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10c., 50c. and \$1. If your lungs are sore, chest, or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by W. C. Gaston.

Those who believe that the world owes them a living don't know how many bad debts the world has to shoulder.

Four hunters (who have just fired simultaneously at a rabbit and missed it) "Well, I wonder who missed it that time!"

A fool and his gun are soon parted especially when the former blows down the muzzle of the latter to see if it is loaded.

A Minnesota editor says that a sportsman recently shot in that state a bird with four legs. We guess that it was a canard.—Texas Siftings.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10c., 50c. and \$1. If your lungs are sore, chest, or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by W. C. Gaston.

A Popular Route.

From the Monroe City News.

A friend who has recently returned from the East has shown us a ticket over a newly constructed railroad which he says is now a great favorite with the traveling public, Republican politicians especially:

—ISSUED BY THE—

WILDCAT BLUFF AND MCKINLEYVILLE

—RAILROAD—

Good for one passage from any point

—IN—

Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, the

Great West, or

the Solid

South,

—TO—

—SALT RIVER—

Subject to the following conditions.

"REID" THE CONTRACT.

1st. This ticket will be good going up to and including March 4th, 1893. Start early and avoid the rush.

2nd. The holder hereof agrees to settle at destination and never return.

3rd. This company, although guaranteeing "protection," will not be responsible for any accidents of any kind occurring on the McKinley "all steal" route, and hereby gives notice to the holder hereof of the rotten condition of that road.

4th. The supports of the bridges at "Sugar Run and Tinburg creek," have been seriously weakened by the recent "Democratic Tidal Wave." Passengers will cross these bridges in "Blocks of Five" to insure greater safety.

5th. This ticket will be good on the "McKinley Express" as far as Boomerang Pass. This train is drawn by a Davenport locomotive, and is equipped with Alabama air brakes, and lighted with Reciprocity gas.

6th. The holder hereof agrees to provide himself with an umbrella, the passenger equipment of the road being roofed with so-called American tin, is very leaky.

7th. This company being a "Protected" corporation, no "seventy-eight cent dollars" will be received in payment for this ticket unless the purchaser belongs to the Sherman gang.

8th. No person has power to modify or waive in any particular any part of this contract except myself.

CZAR REED,